Paris. Barthelemy sends me word to apply to the Directory, which I have already done.

We spent a day with the Princess de Bergues (formerly one of the Queen's ladies) at her house on the river, which was built for the King's *pressoir,* being originally the place where his grapes were pressed and his wine made; and both Françoise Premier and Henry Quatre were very fond of it, and with great reason. The house is not much raised above the meadows; in fact, the ground story is close to the rocks, out of which several streams of water flow into all parts of the building. From each end runs out a noble terrace, under which are the orangery and the kitchen-garden, on different levels. The rocky mountains, covered with fine trees, rise almost perpendicularly behind the house. The whole range or park is immense. The river sweeps along in front for some miles, forming a large crescent. Moret, and many villages in the distance, scattered among

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ful, sire," replied she. " Well, then, there is Richelieu."
"He is so clever and agreeable, sire." "Good—but there is Monville, who is dull as an owl." " But he is

so handsome, and has such a beautiful leg, sire!" "I grant that," rejoined Louis; "but what excuse have you for the Duke d'Aumont, who is as ugly as a monkey, and as ill-shaped as a parenthesis." "Ah, sire!" responded Madame d'E., with a deep sigh, "he is so devotedly attached to Your Majesty!"